

ARGENCE

The wind ululates but
I can't understand the language.
Spring is incomprehensible
colour and histamines,
a difficult seduction towards
rudimentary joy.
The pines know this morning

My love has grown in a winter's hiding.
You are the drum
on a hesitant grass. Our domesticated skins.

Dogs forget their bark as data crowds their snouts.
The beach, the broth
laces of lavender, bugle blue
havoc fleece
straw hats.

Sheep berate the clover - *No lingering!*
Weed wound wonder walks the ways.
Having worn browns and blacks over months our cotton
conflagrates. Inner city flinches from this new marmalade shirt
that only Indians could love. But you kiss my collar
and we are placed in blossom.

Les Wicks

leswicks@hotmail.com

NOTE FOR EDITOR

Whilst the author understands the thankless role of the editor, this offer of the attached pieces lapses if no reply is received within three months. This condition is in line with PUI & ASA policy.